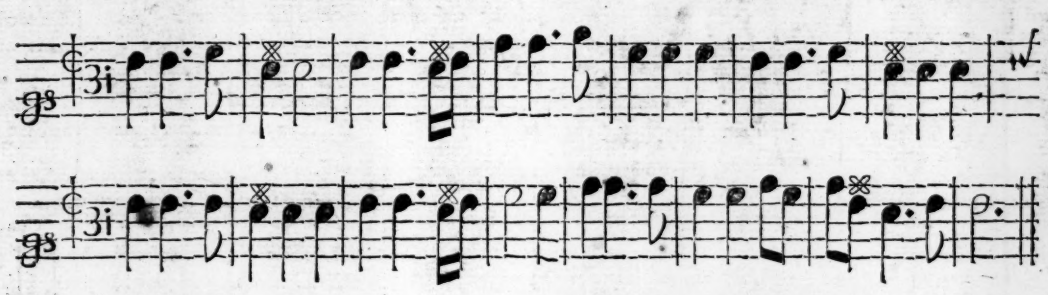
A New SONG.

ON

King William & Queen Mary.

To the Tune of, *Joy to great Cæsar.* *Licensed according to Order.*



First Strain.

LET Crowns, Fame and Treasure,
Love and Joy without Measure,
Still attend our great *Cæsar*,
Let *Jove* take a Pleasure,
To quaff Divine Nectar,
And Drink his Duration
Like a boon jolly Hector,
To the God of our Nation.

Second Strain.

Try chance,
Let's advance,
Bid defiance
To all *France*.
Let Kettle Drums and Trumpets sound,
Let every Man stand his ground,
Till with Lawrels Crown'd,
And Couragiously make
The *Monsieur* Quake,
His *Fistula* ake
Till he betake
To flight for the sake
Of his last stake.

Third Strain.

Let Patriots guard the Throne,
Let Papists all go down,
Let *Perkins* meet the Fate
For to be own'd a Cheat,
Let *Jefferies* have his Dream
For swimming with the stream,
Let Father *Peters* swing
With the *Nuncio* in a string,
Let Gods made of poor Bread
No more be worshipped,
But every Popish Peer
That goes Embassadour
To *Rome* forfeit his Head
For such a Traiterous Deed,
And all the Lands he owns
To satisfie the Crown,
The Expences on that Whore.

Fourth Strain.

Great *Orange* undaunted fears not their dam'd (Treason,
But with Godlike Patience would bring them (to Reason,
Till tir'd with their Plottings, like *Jove* with (his Thunder,
The Wretches he scatters and brings them (all under.

Fifth Strain.

Then to the Queen lets render our praise,
The glory of *Brittain* and Honours bright
The Envy and Hate (Theam,
Of Jesuits Pates,
Whose cunning contrivances prove but a (Dream.

Sixth Strain.

Let Gaudy Processions,
And Lustful Confessions
With *James* our late King in *France* ever stay,
Let wit got with tryal
Now make us defyal, (tray.
Those shamming pretences could once us be-

FINIS.

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